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JUDITH MILES;

What Shall be Done with Her? BY MRS. F. V. VICTOR.

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CHAPTER XV.

PARTING COUNSEL.

In time to interrupt further speculations about her future course, appeared Josie.

"Pore de Lord, now, I see powerful sorry you is g'wine away, Missy Judith. But I see awfully tickled 'bout one ting, dat I am," said Josie, grinning delightedly.

"De Major am goin' too?"

"Why, Josie, do you dislike de Major?"

"I thought you were good friends," returned Judith, who, it must be confessed, enjoyed the mulatto girl's pert chatter about her superiors.

"So we am, indeed!" was the dignified reply. "Taint fur dat I see glad de Major's goin'." It's jes kase Missus Kellogg done bite off her nose to spite her face. She make Judith go away kase she am jealous ob de Major; an' now de Major goin' too!" at which amusing coincidence Josie indulged in a great many consecutive "he-hes!"

"You are a great gossip, Josie. What will you say about me when I am gone?" asked Judith, opening her wardrobe and taking down some old dresses which had been sent her by Mrs. Kellogg in the early days of her convalescence, and never worn because they were unsuited to the climate.

"Spect Todd an' me done er my eyes out, honey."

"How is Todd?"

"Reckon ye didn't, sure 'nuff. Doctor tole dis chile not ter say nuffin' 'bout dat ter Missy Judith."

"About what? Is Todd sick or dead?"

"Inquired Judith, pausing in her examination of the dresses to stare wonderingly at Josie.

"De Doctor tole me not—"

"I can't help it if he did. I want to know what is de matter of Todd," said Judith, as imperatively as she knew how.

"De Cunnel got him whooped for takin' his hands ter his speerier," whispered Josie, solemnly.

"Whipped?" gasped Judith, springing out of her chair and dancing up and down with "divine wrath." "Oh, de, de infamous wretch! He's drubbed old brute! Why, where is he, Josie? I must go to him this minute. Poor Todd!"

"Laws, ye hain't no call ter go an' see Todd. De men, dey laid ter on mighty easy, kase dey knowed. But in course 'twant 'greenback; an' in course it hurt him some; an' he's awful mad an' 'shamed. Gora-nightly, won't I maad, do?"

"Mad?" echoed Judith, and in her impotent anger sat down and cried. When her rage had spent itself in tears she astonished Josie by saying, coldly, "Go away, now. I do not want you about me."

"De Lord! What's up now? What has I done?"

"You love me a little, do you not?" asked Judith, tremulously stern.

"Dat I do—shore, honey?"

"Everybody that loves me gets into trouble, Josie. Do you understand?"

"De Lord; jes listen ter dat chile! Why, you's sterical, Missy Judith—dat's what de matter. Spect de Doctor done giv me fits ef he knowed I tole 'bout Todd. Shouldn't order done it—dat's so. What's de best 'ting in dis world; folks can't mos' allers tell! But I see g'wine ter stick ter you, honey; bet yer life on dat! My back's broad—so's Todd's. Don't ye fret yer purty head 'bout weans."

A good deal consoled by this assurance, notwithstanding her tragical renunciation of her friends, Judith now set herself seriously to work to prepare for what was before her. Those old dresses of Mrs. Kellogg's, though of better material than she had ever worn, were hateful to her. "I will not have them," she said at last, desperately casting them from her. "I won't have anything of hers."

"Laws, chile, ye got ter take what ye can git in dis yer place. It's powerful cold up in dat yer place whar ye's goin'. Can't wear none o' dese yer 'tings a 'skeeter could fly ter, in California."

"I've lived in California," returned Judith, petulantly.

How long the discussion would have lasted is uncertain. It was brought to an end by Mrs. Stewart, who came to ask Judith to go out for her exercise.

"I do not wish to go," said Judith, who had an idea that it would not be in good taste.

"It is I who wish it, my dear. We are not going to hang our flag at half-mast, are we? Come, let us have one more ride together. Cozly has not been out for two days."

Then followed a discussion as to what should be done with Judith's horse.

"I'll present him to the Government, for his feed and mine," said Judith. "I suppose we are in debt to U. S."

"The indebtedness is the other way, in my estimation," said Mrs. Stewart.

"The U. S. should take better care of you."

"Then I will return him to the Major;

for I cannot provision a horse in San Francisco."

"You can sell him."

"Sell Cozly! Well, that is not worse than giving him to U. S. to be used up in cavalry service. But I'll not do either. I will ask the Major to take him and use him till I am ready to take him back."

"A very proper notion, my dear. Now let us go."

Judith found Todd holding her horse. The poor fellow blushed painfully when she caught his eye.

"Never mind, Todd," said she, bending down and whispering. "I'm going away soon, and I'll not get you into any more trouble."

"Damn him!" returned Todd. "If I had him out on the prairie I'd scalp him."

"So would I," returned Judith. "O dear," she thought, the next moment after; "I'm getting terribly demoralized by these things. I presume I shall be swearing, next, like Todd," though in truth Todd had not sworn, by anything in heaven above nor in the earth beneath.

They had not gone far before they met Major Floyd and Colonel Kellogg. The ladies would have passed with a bow to one gentleman, but were prevented by both officers retreating their horses abreast; the Colonel by this movement being placed next Mrs. Stewart.

"Mrs. Stewart, I beg leave to apologize," roared the Colonel, as if he were giving an order to troops. "I made an ass of myself in your house, and I am d-d sorry for it. I ask Miss Miles' pardon, too."

Judith watched Mrs. Stewart, and seeing that she bowed her head, inclined hers also. But at the same time touched her horse with her whip which made him start briskly forward, and without turning to see who followed, kept up a lively pace.

The Colonel did not, as Judith feared, attempt to join the party. As soon as he had made his little speech, he bowed and rode away, looking pale, and, for a marvel, sober.

"You made him do it?" said Mrs. Stewart to the Major.

"Only so far as I forced him to sober himself. He's a good-hearted man when he is not soaked in liquor."

"He is better than his wife then. She has not that excuse for her insults."

Even Mrs. Stewart's amiability was not proof against Mrs. Kellogg's stinging tongue.

"I have news for you," said the Major. "Mrs. Kellogg is going to San Francisco."

The Doctor's wife fairly gasped in his face. "Mrs. Kellogg?"

"Yes. She has intelligence that one of her sons is seriously ill, and she takes advantage of our escort to get to the lines of travel."

"I give Miss Miles joy of her company!"

"You could keep Miss Miles a little longer, now?" said the Major, smiling.

Mrs. Stewart was not ignorant of the talk among the servants about the Colonel's wife and Major Floyd, and she looked so hard at that gentleman that he colored in spite of himself.

"Do you wish that I should?" she asked.

"Let us consult the young lady herself," he replied, as Judith came cauntering back to meet them.

"Judith," began Mrs. Stewart, immediately. "Mrs. Kellogg is going to San Francisco. The Major suggested that I should keep you here a little longer. What do you say?"

If the Doctor's wife had been surprised, Judith was not less so. Mrs. Kellogg's conduct towards herself had so prejudiced her opinions that she was prepared to credit much against her that was wrong. She looked at the Major with frank curiosity to get some clue; but his face was a mask. Half a dozen conjectures flitted across her mind, all colored more or less by Josie's gossip. At last, however, she hit her conclusions:

"Mrs. Kellogg knew it was my intention to go?"

"I so informed her," returned the Major.

"Then I shall go. The stages are free to all, I presume."

"But see shall travel by ambulance through the Territory."

"Oh!" cried Judith. "Do you mean that I shall travel by stage?"

"If you insist upon it. So can Mrs. Kellogg. I pledged myself to Mrs. Stewart to see you safe at your destination. I have just promised the Colonel to look after Mrs. Kellogg. Now, ladies, see the chances I have for happiness on this journey!"

Mrs. Stewart laughed. "Judith must not give it up—not if I wanted her a thousand times more than I do; and I shall be horribly lonely—the only lady in the Fort. Pen goes to, I suppose?"

"Mrs. Kellogg and servant." Yes, I have no doubt. O, we shall be quite a party. Are you not tempted to join us?"

"I am never tempted to move without orders. The Doctor and I can serve out our three years of frontier life as well here as somewhere else. Nevertheless, if we are ordered off I hope it may be to San Francisco."

"There is a chance of it?" inquired Judith eagerly. "O, then I may really see you again!"

"Yes, Judith," returned Mrs. Stewart,

smiling, and watching the Major out of the tail of her eye; "I expect you to marry well, and invite me to stop with you when I come to the city."

"And me too, please," put in the Major. "Do not leave me out in the cold, when I come to the city;" and the sly smile returned, showed that managing lady she was understood.

"I make no promises," said Judith, who was unconscious of this by-play; not even blushing at the mention of marriage, as an orthodox young lady should do, being so intent on other thoughts. "If ever I have a house of my own it will be at the service of Mrs. Stewart, first and foremost. If my other friends choose to come I shall not turn them out," nesting her eyes candidly on that "other friend" by her side.

"Thanks," returned he, briefly, and straightway relapsed into silence, in that unexpected way which Mrs. Stewart characterized as "odd," maintaining this abstracted demeanor during the remainder of the ride, and quitting the ladies with only a bow at last.

"It is really very lucky after all that Mrs. Kellogg is going," said Mrs. Stewart, as Josie relieved them of their riding-skirts. "Being chaperoned by the Colonel's lady will be highly proper for you."

Judith regarded her friend with some surprise. "Am I to understand by that remark that not to be, would be improper?"

"Mr. dear, I hope everything from your suspicious pride," returned the Doctor's wife, with a gesture of depression. "How do you take alarm at the shadow of an impropriety? Major Floyd first informed me that he should travel by stage, which, being a public conveyance, was as much open to you as to him. Certainly it would have been a little different, your starting off on this long journey alone with the Major in the ambulance. Mrs. Kellogg going makes all the difference in the world. She may not choose to be agreeable, but she cannot help appearing to be your chaperone. Josie, what are you making such faces at Miss Miles for?" asked Mrs. Stewart, catching sight of the mulatto girl contorting her countenance for Judith's benefit behind the garment she was pretending to fold.

"Aint doin' nuffin', Missus," answered Josie, watching her opportunity to roll her eyes once more in pious horror at the mention of Mrs. Kellogg's name. But a new idea had occurred to Judith, and even Josie's harlequinism could not divert her from it:

"I fear one thing," she said, soberly, and with a little air of vexation, "that I shall be slow to understand the proprieties. Really and truly, I thought ladies and gentlemen were above suspicion, or ought to be. I would have gone to the end of the world with Major Floyd, and have felt secure and happy all the way."

Mrs. Stewart laughed until Judith blushed roscily. "The darling! It thought the age of chivalry was returned. I am not saying, my dear, that you would not be safe in going to the end of the world with the Major, but the proprieties demand—just the opposite of what the law demands—that everyone shall be held guilty until he is proven innocent."

"But that is horrible," cried Judith, ready to cry with vexation. "Then innocence and high principle go for nothing, and I am forbidden to trust my friends, or my friends me. I cannot help trusting my friends, and loving them! I do, and I shall until something happens to prove my confidence groundless."

"Well, my dear, since you take it so seriously, let me give you an example—Josie, go see if Miss Miles' things are ready for the laundress—that girl is such a gossip that I never dare to breathe a word about anyone before her. As I was saying, we have an example right here: I do not believe there is a more blameless woman, as far as actual sinning goes, than Mrs. Kellogg. Perhaps she chooses, like you, to believe that she has taken out a patent for purity that cannot be gained. So she ventures to play off certain little coquetries amongst the gentlemen, with the purpose, I believe, of punishing the Colonel, who gives her trouble enough, certainly. The consequence is she gets herself talked about; for people are always more observing of your errors than of your virtues."

"O, but that is not quite the same, I think. Mrs. Kellogg knows that coquetry will be talked about, and knows that it is not right, either. But if it should become necessary for her to travel any distance alone with Major Floyd, if she had always sustained a good reputation until then, I say she should not lose it for that. I say it is outrageous to act as if people were only good while our eyes are on them."

"It is the world's way, my dear Judith, to lump its judgment. It cannot take a single virtue, unless the angel walks in its prescribed ways. It is hard, but it is true."

"And I do not know its ways. I must do as my heart dictates, or my poor un-instructed judgment decides. Then if I make a mistake—what becomes of me?"

"You won't," answered Mrs. Stewart decidedly, with a gentle squeeze which was meant to be re-assuring.

"I am going to make one now," retorted Judith wilfully, with a mysterious shake of her head.

"Forewarned is forearmed. Pray what error do you intend falling into?"

"I am going to San Francisco by stage."

Mrs. Stewart regarded the announcement with astonishment, her surprise keeping her silent until she had turned it over in her thoughts.

"Is that on account of my lessons in propriety? The presence of another lady and servant removes every objection that any one could offer, if that is what you fear?"

"It is not that," said Judith. "But I ask you, if you would force yourself upon the guardianship of another woman, who had said you were a low-bred, artful, dangerous person? And since it is not proper for me to accept the Major's protection alone, I have decided to take care of myself."

"Who told you Mrs. Kellogg had said such things?"

"It does not signify," returned Judith, embarrassed lest she should get Josie into trouble. "She said them, did she not?"

"Who cares for what she said! It is only fair that she should make up to you in some way for the injury. Let her do it in this way. Think of the saving to your pocket; the better protection from Indians; the help the Major can give you on your arrival, and everything that it involves."

"I do think of it," answered Judith, paling at the mention of Indians; but with her father's determination over again. "I shall be frightened to death every moment of the way until I am out of the Indian country; but Mrs. Kellogg, if it is my fate to be killed, let me be killed. That might not be so hard a fortune as having to live in an unjust world all alone." The ready tears sprang to her eyes, and she choked back her sobs with difficulty.

"You silly child!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart. "Do you want to make me cry over you? Come, I'll own that I admire your spirit, but I cannot permit you to indulge it for this once."

"I've taken my fortune into my own hands, dear Mrs. Stewart," persisted Judith. "I'm resolved to begin life in the dignity of self-respect. I will not permit Mrs. Kellogg to insult me to my face, as she has behind my back. I should say something hateful to her—I know I should! So just let me have my own way, and use my own judgment in this matter."

"I don't like it at all—not at all. I'll go and report your obstinacy to the Doctor immediately. He'll know how to reduce you to reason."

"My best regards to him!" returned Judith, with rather moon-shiny smile.

When the case was stated to the Doctor by the "dearest little woman in the world," he made much lighter trouble of it than she had done.

"Of course, Nellie, it will not be so agreeable for Judith as if she could have gone in the ambulance on good terms with Mrs. Kellogg. But as far as danger is concerned there will be very little difference; for the stage will be likely to keep in sight of the Major's escort. Passengers are willing to lose a little time for the sake of military protection; and so are drivers. I will write a line to the stage-agent to prevent the Company taking fare from Judith; but you need not say anything about it to her before-hand or she will insist on paying her notions of independence are so refined. The worst feature I see about it is, that she will probably arrive in San Francisco ahead of the Major, and not knowing anything about the city, may get into trouble there."

"I did not think she could be so headstrong," groaned Mrs. Stewart, really vexed at not being able to carry out her plans in compelling Mrs. Kellogg to recognize Judith. "But since it is so, I will do what I can to prevent her getting into difficulty."

The whole of the next day was occupied in preparations for Judith's journey. Mrs. Stewart and the Doctor wrote letters, as they had promised, to friends in San Francisco, giving the history of the bearer, and recommendations to care and friendly service. From those letters Mrs. Stewart seemed to expect great results; and Judith, who really could not say that great results should not come out of them, accepted them with outward thankfulness and inward doubt. Not that she did not place Mrs. Stewart's judgment far above her own, but that a direct appeal to strangers in her behalf was injurious to her sensitive pride. However, she said to herself she had nothing to do but to use the only means furnished for making her way into the world, and getting her share of the world's work to do; and as she knew not how to dispense with the means, so she would accept them as graciously as if she were sure of their talismanic qualities. It was not a matter in which choice was allowed her.

No more was it a matter of choice respecting her shape that old black silk of Mrs. Kellogg's that she might have ornamented our State Capitol—allowed no share in the National speech-making, yet represent Eloquence; should avoid publicity, yet represent fame; may not speak from the pulpit, yet made the emblem of Truth?"

Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wretched. Kind words make people good-natured. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.—Prescl.

the old home. She might as well not have had any will of her own, as never a choice about using it, she told herself. But she could keep one of Katie's little dresses, and a miserable, faded daguerreotype of her father and mother in their youth; a tolerably good photograph of Boone; the hair-brush he had given her, with the picture on it, and a volume or two out of her little library. With this scanty endowment from the past she must be content to set out in search of her fortune.

When the Major learned of Judith's intention to travel by stage he was considerably vexed, thinking he might have said something to influence her decision, and came to see her about it. He found her resting from the toils of the day, under the shade of the corridor. She looked flushed and tired, but not otherwise discomposed. In answer to his queries her smiling reply was:

"I have never in my life had my way about anything that materially concerned myself; and I am taking the first opportunity of having it, you see?"

"It is like your sex," he said.

At that moment Todd happened to be passing. Judith beckoned him, and addressed him with her sweetest smile.

"Mr. Todd," said she, "I wish Major Floyd to know that I esteem you very highly, and that I consider myself under obligations to you. If I were anything but a penniless girl I should like to reward you as I think you deserve, but as I am not, will you accept this?" and removing from her finger an old-fashioned gold ring, the design two hearts joined, which had been her mother's, she offered to place it upon the little finger of Todd's left hand. "You must know I prize it, Todd, for it was my mother's."

Embarrassed and trembling, Todd received the gift, which with some difficulty was slipped upon his hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Todd," she added; "I promise not to forget you."

With a profound salute the soldier retired, and the Major with a curious smile inquired, if she "wished to make deserters?"

"How?"

"I am putting myself in his place," returned the Major.

[To be continued.]

Help Your Mother.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply.

"Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

"There was a straight-forwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

"The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends; then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world."

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator.

"I have not left it," answered the boy.

"But you wish to leave. What is the matter?"

"For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother!"

"Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said:

"My boy, what is your name?"

"You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

"Tears filled his eyes as he replied. "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into the busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.

The ex-Prince Eugenie still cherishes the hope of recovering the throne of France for her son. She is very polite in her behavior, and in her exile at Chislehurst neglects no opportunity to gain the popular good will of the French nation, carefully trimming her sails to catch every favorable breeze that blows in the hope of being borne in triumph once more to the grandeur and opulence of the Tuilleries.

A correspondent of the San Jose Mercury asks the editor to explain why woman is carved in stone to represent Union, Eloquence, Fame and Truth, to ornament our State Capitol—allowed no share in the National speech-making, yet represent Eloquence; should avoid publicity, yet represent fame; may not speak from the pulpit, yet made the emblem of Truth?"

Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wretched. Kind words make people good-natured. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.—Prescl.

ESSAY.

READ BY SARAH M. McCOWN, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF U. S. W. S. A., FEB. 11, 1874.

The seed of Liberty which was cast out of the Old World as a thing of evil, was borne across the ocean, in the Mayflower, and planted on the rocky soil of Massachusetts. There it germinated and grew into a tree, and bore as its first fruits, that grand Declaration "that all men are created equal," which resulted in the American Revolution. It was nourished by the blood of patriots, and watered by the tears of widows and orphans, made such to preserve it. The efforts of Monarchy to uproot it at last ceased, and it grew and flourished, spreading its branches across the continent, from the Atlantic on the East to the Pacific on the West, from the great Lakes on the North, to the Mexican Gulf on the South.

But a poisonous vine had taken root beside it, and it grew with the growth of the tree twining around its branches, ever tightening around its trunk, poisoning the atmosphere, and making what had been our pride and boast, "that the oppressed of every land might come and rest beneath its branches in peace and safety," an empty lie. Human beings were bought and sold, wives were separated from husbands, children from parents, and the slave pen existed in the very shadow of the National Capitol.

But when the life of Liberty was threatened, then the children of freedom, who had been nurtured beneath its protecting branches, sprung to arms. You all remember how bitter the struggle; how freely the treasures of the Nation were offered for its preservation; how blood was poured out like water; how young boys, middle-aged and gray-haired men, alike, eagerly offered themselves for its defense, cheerfully endured the privations of camp life, prisons, starvation and death. And woman, who might not battle for her country, ministered to the wounded on fields of devastation, and in hospitals nursed them back to health and strength, then bade them offer themselves anew on the altar of their country.

At last freedom triumphed and African slavery was dead yet oppression did not cease. My friend, you who stand up in the pride of your manhood and call no man master, you have a sister who is as fine born as yourself, of the blood of the same father, nourished by the same mother, whose skill is as fair, whose intellect is as clear, whose heart is as tender, whose pride is as sensitive as your own; and yet you place her under the most degrading restriction; you class her with idiots and lunatics; you will not allow her to control her own property; and when she is a widow, since she is the weaker vessel, you graciously allow her one-third of the property to support herself and children, when if she dies first, her husband is allowed to keep all during his life, thus putting three times the amount of labor on her weak shoulders that you do on his.

But you say: "My wife does not complain; I always treat her with consideration; and as to her property, she has much to spend as I do." Doubtless that is true; gentlemen do not exercise all the authority which the laws, that they themselves have made, confer upon them. But that drunken sot, too, has a wife, perhaps as tenderly nurtured as your own. He can spend his money in riotous living, and neglect and abuse her, so as to make death far preferable to such a life to her, yet break no law, be liable to no punishment. Why will you legislate to support him in an injustice which you would scorn?

Your wife is of a gentle, affectionate, trusting nature; she "has all the rights she wants;" she does not know the law; its iron has never entered her soul. But you die suddenly; you have lived at the extent of your means, and have but little property except what you have gathered about your home. Let the appraisers come and make an inventory of her household goods—"what is this table worth—that sofa—those chairs?"—and even the books and pictures are valued, and beyond the value of three hundred dollars, if she wishes to keep anything, she must pay for it, out of her pitiful one-third. There are some articles of but little value in themselves, but for the memories which cluster around them, to her, they are beyond all price. Think you she would not prefer to have them sunk to the bottom of the sea, rather than sacrilegious hands should be laid upon them? Then she finds that the rights that she felt so secure were privileges, dependent upon your life, and were swept away in a moment. But you ask, how will voting help the matter? In this way: voters may hold offices. Offices generally pay large salaries for light work; voters ask for a road to be built, and it is paid for out of the public funds; voters fix the rate